

under the first head," he answers. "Having spent last night at Southdale, I was on my way to Greenfield Station, to take a train due there about eight o'clock."

"And you turned out of your way to follow me!" she says, with compunction. "How good it was of you! but how sorry I am that I should have been the cause of such a delay!"

"Spare your regrets," he says, smiling. "I would not have missed this morning's adventure for any consideration; while the business which was calling me away can be delayed until to-morrow, with the greatest ease. Losing my train is a small price to pay for the pleasure of knowing you, and taking our first ride together."

(To be continued.)

### A MOUNTAIN HOTEL.

#### THE WAY THE PORTER RAN THINGS.

A certain urbane resident of this city recently paid a visit to Butte, M. T. He stopped at one of the first class hotels of Butte, and in consideration of his stand-here he was given the "boss" room off the parlor on the ground floor. The next morning after his arrival he appeared at the door of the office without any too many clothes on, and with a good deal of decision in his tone informed the porter of the establishment that a pitcher of water was needed in No. —, and then withdrew.

The porter was struck dumb for a moment, but catching his breath he exclaimed: "The d—d tenderfoot! A pitcher of water! Well, by—, if he stays here long enough he will find out that if he finds water in the barrel at the further end of the woodshed he will be doing a Moulton business. He must think he is at the St. James in New York or at the Palmer in Chicago. As though a man would work up in this climate at \$12 a week, and then pack water for such looking specimens as that. A pitcher of water needed. I should not wonder. It will be needed a good while. What does he take me for? Does he think I am a fourteen-inch Cornish pump on the Alice, regulated at thirteen strokes a minute? Does he think I am a spring or an abandoned shaft that is full of water? Does he regard me as the new water works? Do I resemble the Yosemite Falls? Have I a Niagara profile? What ails the man? The idea that a man would come to a climate like this, and among such comforts as are lavished on people here, become so ornery as to turn chambermaid and pack water to every duffer from the cow counties that strays off this way." By this time the porter had worked himself into a fury and demanded to be shown the man that had insulted him by asking him to turn himself into a water-cart. Just then another gentleman, also from the city, mildly informed the irate porter that in the lower country, the gentlemen who had called for the water was a hotel keeper himself; that, in fact, at home he ran two hotels.

"Two hotels," thundered the porter, "two hotels; show him to me, show him to me just once; I will teach him that whatever he does in Salt Lake, he cannot run a hotel in Butte—a hotel! Why—him, he can't run one room up here."

The Salt Lake hotel-keeper left Butte by the first train. On the way down, in response to the question, "What do you think of Butte?" he immediately replied with a smile, "The town is most promising and the people are exceedingly pleasant." But the first thing he ordered on his arrival here was a bath.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

### ECHOES FROM LONDON.

For the Saville Club a new house is to be erected at a cost of 10,000l.

A COMPANY has been registered whose object is to construct a railway along Gray's inn-road, between Charing-cross, Euston, King's-cross, and St. Pancras stations. The capital is 800,000l.

THE Metropolitan Board of Works and the City Authorities have appointed a joint committee to consider a scheme for constructing a bridge below London bridge.

HITHERTO, Wales has been more celebrated for its landscapes than for its artists. An effort, however, is being made to establish a Cambrian Academy of Art, whose headquarters will be at Llandudno.

As illustrating the exceptional length of the debates last session, it will be interesting to mention that Hansard runs to nine volumes. This is two more than were ever published before, as the result of a single Parliamentary session.

MR. W. S. GILBERT, who has at the present moment four pieces playing in London simultaneously, namely, at the Savoy, Opera Comique, Court, and St. George's Hall, will have a *fifth* next week, as "Fogerty's Fairy" is to be produced at the Criterion on Thursday.

ONE who professes to have been present says that the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon was preaching the other day on the subject of family pride, urging

that one man was as good as another, if not better; that rank was but a guinea stamp, and all that kind of thing. "Remember, my friends," said he, "that we are all descended from a common gardener, who was given what is termed 'the sack.'"

THE Monte Carlo pigeon shooters will shortly have a visit from Dr. Carver, who will, perhaps, shoot off his tie first, and settle his actual pigeon status *vis-à-vis* with Mr. Stuart Wortley. The French pigeon shooters who will try conclusions with the learned Doctor at Monte Carlo are excellent shots. For instance, there are at present there Count de Lambertye, Viscount Martel de Janville, and Messrs. Camaner and de la Rochefoucauld.

THE plaintiff's name in a case that was tried before Mr. Justice Stephen the other day was Stephens. The defendant's counsel, however, would keep on addressing him as Stephen, till the judge could stand it no longer. "I wish," said he, "you would call the plaintiff by his proper name. I feel some sympathy with him in the matter; for, whereas my name does not end with 's,' my correspondents generally tack one on, while the plaintiff's does so end, and you won't let him have it."

Punch has not got hold of the right point in the story of the lights of Hanwell in this week's issue. The real story is this: A well-known Q.C. was being intensely bored by a fellow-traveller in the train, enthusiastic about scenery and constantly demanding his attention to admire certain places they were passing; at last, on coming to Hanwell, the enthusiast cried, "Look! look! Mr. W—, how beautiful the lights of Hanwell look from the railway." "And pray, sir," said the Q. C., "how do the lights of the railway look from Hanwell?"

RITUALISTS begin to have hopes that Mr. Gladstone will do something for them next session, and their expectations have been raised by the premier's recent letter, in which he says that while he has never termed the Public Worship Regulation Act "unconstitutional," yet he disapproves of it as "unwise." Of course, every one who has a memory knew this before. Mr. Gladstone's speech on the second reading of the bill in the Commons is not likely to be forgotten. But still the Ritualists draw fresh hopes from his letter, and look for the repeal of the obnoxious measure.

PADDINGTON is likely to have a park. Already a third of the sum required for public subscription has been obtained. Of 100,000l., no less than 33,000l. has been acknowledged. Before it can become a "park" it will need to be planted with trees and filled with plants. At this moment it is a dreary waste. Of the advantage of the park in the proposed situation there can be no doubt. In a few years what is called the Workmen's City will be an overcrowded collection of houses, surrounded by dwellings stretching out to Willesden. Already most of the country walks in that direction have ceased to be. London is growing on that side, and seems likely to grow until it includes Uxbridge and Harrow itself, and the famous school becomes part of the great metropolis.

### ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE latest Parisian table decoration is to place flat baskets of flowers near each plate, with the menu tied on the handle.

Two of the leading morning papers, the *Figaro* and the *Galois*, are now publishing novels by English writers, Miss Braddon and Onida.

THE marriage is announced of Don Giovanni Falco, Marquis of Castel Rodrigo, of Milan, to Mlle. Ines della Gandara, whose sister married a few days ago Prince Ferdinando del Drago.

THE first number of *l'anti-Concierge*, an organ started in defence of the interests of those—and they are legion—who come under the fustle of this Cerberian functionary, appeared on the 1st inst. The blessings of the long-suffering community cannot fail to accompany the promoters of this good work.

A PARIS tradesman, who resides on the Boulevard Sébastopol, is in the habit of daily launching a certain quantity of diminutive balloons with his name and address attached. He occasionally receives from some distant correspondent a communication telling him where and when his aerial messenger has alighted. One of these little globes, let loose on the 32nd ult., was found two days after by the proprietor of the estate of Kniphausen, whilst out hunting in a forest of Westphalia.

A FASCINATING young tenor has bewitched a young and wealthy countess; she will soon take him from the stage to ride in a coach with armorial bearings and prancing horses—give him the title of Master of her ancestral chateau and vast estates, and of her hand, which he says he covets most of all, for he is madly in love with her, and always sings with her in his eye, therefore, too, too passionately and devoutly.

THE *Evenement* relates a queer story of a Parisian adventurer who makes a decent living by torturing the nerves of his neighbours. He hires an apartment at a rent of three or four thousand francs, obtains a lease of three, six, or nine years, and then—he begins to play on the trombone, but to play abominably. At first he plays an hour night and morning, then when the neighbours begin to complain he plays two hours, and so goes on gradually until he plays from eight o'clock in the morning until nine o'clock at night. By that time the landlord or the tenants have offered him a sufficient pecuniary inducement to sacrifice his lease, and the trombone-player departs and begins his trick elsewhere.

THE following anecdote is told of Meissonier, which shows the painter in an amiable light. When he finished the portrait of ex-Governor Stamford that gentleman was anxious to have the act of signing the work witnessed by his young son, and took the boy with him in his carriage to the studio on the day of his last sitting. But Meissonier had already affixed his signature to the work, on seeing which Mr. Stamford expressed his regret, stating at the same time his reason for such regret. Meissonier at once effaced his name and caused Master Stamford to be summoned, saying to him smilingly as he re-signed the portrait, "You see, my boy, that your father's portrait is undoubtedly a genuine Meissonier."

SOME new and superb materials have recently been introduced for ladies' dresses, which rival in richness of texture and beauty of design the gorgeous stuffs that Titian and Paul Veronese loved to paint. A reception toilette of this style was recently made up by one of the leading dressmakers of Paris for one of the leaders of fashion in the American colony. The material was a ruby satin ground, strewn with leaves of velvet in shaded tones of grey. The long plain skirt was edged with a bias drawn puff of plain ruby satin and was bunched up very high at the back just below the edge of the corsage, which was finished around the hips and wrists with broad bands of passementerie in ruby silk and grey chenille. The corsage was high to the throat and had long sleeves. A scarf of fine point lace was clasped at the throat with a small diamond pin. Earrings of black pearls and diamonds completed this superb yet simple costume, which was worthy of the pencil of Vasequez.

RECENTLY there lived at Geneva an ancient spinster of ample means who was in the habit of making a yearly visit to Lucerne, and she always stayed at the well-known and hospitable Schweizerhof. It so fell out that one of the waiters in the hotel was always particularly attentive to her, not from any sense of favours to come—for the lady was too old to fall in love with him, and his expectations from her could not well extend beyond the handsome tip which doubtless he generally got—but from kindness of heart and a "waiterly" desire to please. But virtue sometimes brings a reward other than that which is supposed rightly to appertain thereto; and some two or three weeks since the fortunate garçon received an intimation of the old lady's death, and that, in consideration of the zealous service he had always rendered her during her sojourn at the Schweizerhof, she had ordered to be paid to him out of her estate the sum of 100,000 fr.

### VARIETIES.

AN exchange dryly observes that a mechanic in search of work is "out of a job," a clerk in the same predicament is "disengaged," and a professional man similarly placed is "at leisure." The mechanic "gets work," the clerk "connects" himself with some establishment, and the professional man "resumes practice." This rule holds good in some other things besides employment. When one of the "upper ten" has a high time over night, it is said next day that he was "slightly elevated." The middle society man, under similar circumstances, was a "little intoxicated," but the laboring man was "beastly drunk."

SHE KNEW IT.—As the Pacific express train coming east on the Central Road reached Ann Arbor the other day there were many to get off and on, and there was the usual hurry and confusion. Among those getting aboard was a little old woman about sixty years old, who secured the assistance of the brakeman and drew herself up the step of the smoking car.

"This way, madam—this way," called the official as she laid hand on the door of the smoking car; but as she paid no attention to him he continued:

"Hold on madam—that's the smoking car." "Well, don't you 'spose I've travelled enough to know that?" she queried, as she whirled around. "I guess I know where to go when I want to smoke!"

And she entered and sat down, filled her old clay pipe, borrowed a light, and was soon puffing away in the greatest contentment.

THACKERAY AND THE BOWERY BOY.—It is related of Thackeray that being very desirous to see a "Bowery" boy, he went with a friend into the haunts of that peculiar locality to look for one. Very soon his companion pointed out to him a genuine specimen standing on the corner of a street against a lamp-post, red-shirted, black-

trousered, soap-locked, shiny-hatted, with a cigar in his mouth elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees. After contemplating him for a few moments, Thackeray said to his friend that he would like to talk to the fellow, and asked if he might do so. "Surely," he was told, "go to him and ask him to direct you somewhere." Thereupon the stranger approached, and said politely, "My friend, I should like to go to such a place." "Well," replied the Bowery boy, in his peculiar tones, and without moving anything but his lips, as he looked up lazily, at the tall, gray-haired novelist—"well, sonny, you can go if you won't stay too long." Thackeray was satisfied.

A PARIS WIT'S PERFORMANCES.—One of Vivier's favorite performances: Having marked down his prey, an elderly citizen who has ordered a glass of beer and is preparing to assimilate it on the asphalt in front of a café, Vivier approaches and salutes him profoundly, then with mingled volubility and brusqueness thus addresses him:

"Monsieur, I am one of the inspectors of the new Department of Chemical Analysis, established for the purpose of detecting adulteration in articles of daily consumption. I have been detailed to the subject of beer. My face being known to the proprietors of the establishment, if I were to order anything they might take the alarm and serve me quite a different article and thus baffle me. Permit me, therefore, to taste your beer."

The stupefied victim offered no resistance, and Vivier drains the glass at a draught, and sets it down remarking, "excellent! excellent! You can drink that beer with impunity! I thank you in the name of science and the municipality for your unselfish co-operation. Good afternoon! Waiter, another beer for this gentleman!" and vanishes.

OF the thirteen Murillos which Marshall Soult managed to collect in Spain, one of them, an "Immaculate Conception," at the Marshal's sale, in May, 1852, was bought by the French Government for £23,400. We have an amusing story of the circumstances under which Soult secured the prize. In his pursuit of Sir John Moore he overtook two Capuchin friars, who turned out to be spies, as he suspected. On hearing there were some fine Murillos in the convent to which they belonged, he ordered them to show him the way to it. Here he saw the Murillo in question, and offered to purchase it—all to no purpose, till the prior found that the only way to save the lives of his two monks was to come to terms. "But," said the prior, "we have had 100,000 francs offered for the picture." "I will give you 200,000 francs," was the reply, and the bargain was concluded. "You will give me up my two brethren?" asked the prior. "Oh," said the Marshal, very politely, "if you wish to ransom them, it will give me the greatest pleasure to meet your wishes. The price is 200,000 francs." The poor prior got his monks, and lost his picture.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CHRISTMAS.—Since the death of the Prince Consort she has not spent Christmas at Windsor Castle, but has passed it at Osborne. On Christmas Eve and Christmas morning carols are always sung in front of Osborne House, and the poor of Osborne receive substantial gifts from her Majesty in the way of beef and clothing. Barons of beef and veal, boars' heads, game pies etc. are sent from Windsor to supply the larder. But the Queen has no family party of her married sons and daughters with her at Christmas, as have so many of her subjects, neither does she have a large dinner party at Osborne House; indeed her dinner guests rarely number above eight or ten at any time. When the members of the royal family are present at dinner, they sit on either side of the Queen, except when foreign royalty of higher rank is present. When the lady in waiting or one of the maids of honour dines with the Queen, it is by special command; a message is sent on the morning of the day desiring her to do so. But there is no Christmas dinner party given by the Queen to her household, as many people imagine; neither is the gold plate used at this season of the year, as is popularly supposed—indeed, it is only used when state banquets are given in the Waterloo Gallery at Windsor, and of which there have been but few during the last twenty years. A portion of it is also used at state balls and concert suppers at Buckingham Palace. On New Year's day the Queen gives presents to the members of her family and all under her roof; her gifts include works of art, statuettes, books, china and other rare and valuable things, in addition to useful gifts. The presents are laid out in a room, and her Majesty is present when they are distributed, while many she herself presents.

PEOPLE who suffer from Lung, Throat, of Kidney diseases, and have tried all kinds of medicine with little or no benefit, and who despair of ever being cured, have still a resource left in Electricity, which is fast taking the place of almost all other methods of treatment, being mild, potent and harmless; it is the safest system known to man, and the most thoroughly scientific curative power ever discovered. As time advances, greater discoveries are made in the method of applying this electric fluid; among the most recent and best modes of using electricity is by wearing one of Norman's Electric Curative Belts, manufactured by Mr. A. Norman, 4 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ont.